

# *Mary Baldwin*

JUNE 1970



# Mary Baldwin

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**Our Cover** is a full-color photograph of what Mary Baldwin students see each morning as they go to Hunt Dining Hall for breakfast. The photo was made just after daybreak on a September day.

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**BY MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE**

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**and at additional mailing offices.**



Martha S. Grafton  
Dean



Marguerite Hillhouse  
Registrar



James T. Spillman  
Treasurer

## ***Because of Them Mary Baldwin Will Always Be the Same***

BY SAMUEL R. SPENCER, JR.

I want to acknowledge, for myself, for readers of this magazine, and for all who belong to Mary Baldwin, a debt to three members of her community whose retirement is official with the close of this session.

Marguerite Hillhouse, Jim Spillman, and Martha Grafton came to Mary Baldwin together some 40 years ago, and they leave together, and this is eminently fitting. Forgive me if my tribute is personal and omits the usual memberships, distinctions, and achievements. I see these three and love them as persons, not as functionaries, and I can speak of them only in personal terms. It is difficult, though, to express such feelings in brief compass. A few words cannot do them justice.

You may be surprised to know the quality I immediately identify with Miss Hillhouse—surprised, because it seems to contrast with her smallness of stature and her subsistence on back-gallery lunches of cheese crackers and cokes. The quality is that of strength, the kind of strength which comes from absolute integrity. The task of an admissions officer is an enormous strain on character. There is always the temptation to shade the truth a little, this way or that, and most of the shadings could easily be rationalized. But Marguerite is not one to temporize in matters of truth or principle, and thousands who have known her over the years respect her for it. Anything Mar-

guerite Hillhouse says is true, no more, no less. I would stake my life on that.

She also recognized, in the highly important job she did for this college, that an admissions officer must be dispenser, not of favors, but of justice. Over the years she must have handled at least 20,000 cases. Every single one of them was treated as a person rather than as a statistic. Every single one of them received, at her hand, the best and fairest judgment she could possibly give. The same was true of every decision she made as Registrar.

Absolute integrity, absolute fairness—these are her outstanding hallmarks. They are by no means all. Everything Marguerite Hillhouse has ever done for this college she has done without stint, without thought for herself. She is living proof that size has nothing to do with stature.

In his capacity as Treasurer and Business Manager, Jim Spillman taught me a good many things. One was the meaning of the word diligence. With Jim, as with Miss Hillhouse, the job always came first. Personal convenience, even personal welfare were secondary. Whatever had to be done was done. Furthermore, it was done on time.

I also learned from Mr. Spillman something about standards. This is an old college, as all of us know, but never for a day has it looked shabby or run-down. Even in hard times Jim's watchful supervision guaranteed the dignity that goes



*Samuel R. Spencer, Jr., since 1968 the president of Davidson College.*

with good grooming and pride of appearance. When anything was to be bought or built, Mr. Spillman's choice was always for quality. If you admire this campus, as countless visitors have, you are paying unconscious tribute to him.

He was impatient with shoddiness in the college's business and financial affairs as well. A complicated set of figures—and he and I went over many such a list—was in Jim's hands a work of art, not just in its appearance, but in the kind of precision and accuracy that characterize the art of a fine watchmaker. And when he was not working late for the college, he was often working late for someone else—the annual budget for the church, a personal matter for a college employee, an income tax return for a friend. No one ever gave of himself more unselfishly.

What can I say about Martha Grafton? Nothing really needs to be said, for you cannot be on this campus long without feeling the strength of her presence and influence. There is a wonderful completeness about her. Wordsworth was not thinking of a college dean when he wrote this, but the lines fit her:

“The reason firm, the temperate will,

Endurance, foresight, strength,  
and skill;

A perfect woman, nobly planned,

To warn, to comfort, and  
command.”

I have never known a person with such a remarkable balance of good qualities: real compassion for others, and at the same time a tough-mindedness for the many situations where that quality is essential; a genuine modesty about herself coupled with a sure confidence; a willingness to accept gracefully what must be, and yet to work without stint for the maximum possible.

She has an unbelievable store of wisdom, especially about people. Her own lack of pretense enables her to see through the pretensions of all the rest of us. In all the decisions that had to be made about students and faculty during our years together, her judgment was well-nigh infallible. I cannot recall a single instance in which hindsight proved her wrong.

She graduated from another institution, but Mary Baldwin is her college. About it she has always been realistic, but never apologetic. As a mother knows a child, and for the same reason, she has known and recognized both its weaknesses and its strengths. Through up years and down, through a succession of college presidents, her sure and loving hand has guided it to this day of great expectations for its future.

All three of these people share a deep devotion to Mary Baldwin.

They also share a mutual respect born of recognition that especially in a small college, all are dependent on each and each on all. Since their retirement was announced, it has been said countless times that Mary Baldwin will not be the same without them. Of course it will not. But it can also be said, paradoxically, that Mary Baldwin will always be the same because of them. As all living institutions must, it will continue to change and grow. But does anyone doubt that it will always stand for integrity, loyalty, compassion in its relation to people, and competence in the task before it? Such qualities are the rich and enduring legacy of those who, like these three we honor, have served it so willingly and so well.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

In the days before Sam Spencer became president, everybody acknowledged that the strength of Mary Baldwin was in its sturdy, dedicated and experienced staff which was to be his inheritance. The ability and integrity of this year's retiring trio inspired him and smoothed many administrative wrinkles during his 11 years in Staunton. Because he knew them better and appreciated their qualities longer than any living leader of Mary Baldwin, he was asked to write this tribute.



## *The Conscience of the College*

*When Ethel Smeak, of Greenville, S.C., applied to Mary Baldwin in 1949 she didn't need a reference. She and Miss Hillhouse had the same hometown. A credit of the confidence of the admissions director, Miss Smeak, with a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt, is now associate professor of English at MBC.*

BY ETHEL SMEAK

Marguerite Hillhouse, who came to Mary Baldwin in 1931, will retire July 1. During these 39 years, she served as Secretary to the President, as Registrar, as Director of Admissions, and, in 1966, as the first Dean of Admissions.

President Spencer announced that the latter appointment recognized her competence in carrying out one of the most important positions in the College. In addition to these responsibilities, Miss Hillhouse has served as Secretary of the Faculty for many years. Through these minutes she has given form to the past work of the College and a sense of continuity, a record of its history.

All of these positions suggest something of her service to the College, but they in no way indicate, as Betty Ruff Layman (class of '49) has written, "the warm and generous heart that lies within this efficient little person." Nor do they suggest the impact she has had on students, faculty, and co-workers. Her faith-

fulness, loyalty, and utter honesty are perhaps best summed up in the phrase Mrs. Grafton reserves only for her: "the Conscience of the Campus."

Miss Hillhouse came to Mary Baldwin during the lean, depression years. Applications were anxiously awaited, and, rather than waiting for the mail to be delivered, Miss Hillhouse went to the Post Office herself. This, I think, was the beginning of the "personal touch" she insists on in her office. Every student and every parent remembers with pleasure the individual attention she has given. She has always written a personal letter to each person who wrote for a catalogue. And, at those grim periods each year when some applicants have to be refused admission, Miss Hillhouse has personally answered queries from sometimes irate parents and friends. It is a tribute to her tact, sympathy, and understanding, that some of these very people have later written to thank her for her clarity and sincerity.

Miss Hillhouse put her personal stamp on the running of her office. Several years ago her entire staff met in her hospital room to receive the detailed instructions which enabled them to carry on the work of the office efficiently in her absence. She and her staff check and double check everything. The motto over her desk would not be THINK, but CHECK. And, as a member of the staff stated emphatically: "The records until June, 1970, are *perfect*."

A tireless worker, she is not an 8:30 to 4:30 five-day-a-week person. She often is in her office until midnight (I've seen the light), and on the weekends. When work is heavy, she will skip B. C.'s lunch in favor of the quick crackers and coke. (Lucky Macke Company—it is rumored that Miss Hillhouse has contributed more to those machines than anyone on campus). She has

been known to shut her door and take a cat-nap on the rug in her office!

No comments on Miss Hillhouse's work could possibly be complete without a short discourse on her pet peeve—the American waste of paper. She refuses to use memo pads. Her notes usually appear on the back of envelopes or on some other scrap of paper retrieved from the waste basket. Once, I am told, she salvaged some water-soaked paper from the lower recesses of the Administration Building, dried it on the lawn, and used it for some years thereafter. There is no question but that this pet peeve has saved the College money.

As one would expect, pet peeves are few, but pet loves are many. For instance,—sports and cats.

Miss Hillhouse was president of the Athletic Association at Converse College and, it is rumored, set the record for the broad jump there. During her early years at MBC, she helped to teach hockey, and thus earned the nickname "Teacher" from the girls in Hill Top and Chapel where she was living at the time. Do you remember when she was the cartwheel expert of the campus? She loved to go on long bicycle rides and picnics with her friends. (Can you imagine bicycling over Staunton hills?)

Although she no longer participates in rugged sports, she is willing to do her part whenever needed. What will the faculty do without her in the cheering section at the annual faculty-student games? Or as a Flower Child in a faculty follies? Or in specialized competition?

It was in April of 1969 that she served the faculty in a unique and most courageous manner. She entered the ice cream eating contest against the Eta Betas. Her brand was vanilla, of course. She delightedly, then doggedly, ate her way through more ice cream than anyone

else on the faculty or student teams. A little greenish because of her victory, she accepted her prize. The next day she came somewhat late to work, a little weak, but valiant. And would you believe it? By the weekend she was eating vanilla ice cream again!

I'm not sure which Miss Hillhouse loves most—ice cream or cats. She can eat ice cream twice a day; she can't keep her hands off a cat. Her own cat was named Miranda. And while she does not have a live cat at present, she has a cat doorstep, paper weight, cat books and cards. Ellen Holtz (class of '60) vividly remembers the first day she came to work with Miss Hillhouse in the Admissions Department. In Miss Hillhouse's office there was a cat searching for a place to have kittens. The cat finally ended up in the steeple of Old Chapel. And who sent milk up every day? Miss Hillhouse, of course!

Ann Schlosser (class of '52) recently made a brilliant suggestion to me. She said Miss Hillhouse "should be given two kittens for her retirement, a yellow one with a white bow and a white one with a yellow bow." Candidates to replace Ham and Jam!

One could write a book about Miss Hillhouse and her sense of humor and her generosity and her kindness. A second volume could be written about the vital work she has done: about her efficiency, integrity, and wisdom so evident in her work as Registrar and Dean of Admissions. It was largely for these qualities that the 1948 Bluestocking was dedicated to her. But I expect that those students, like all students, recognized equally her warmth and unwavering interest in them as individuals. It is, indeed, for all of these qualities that Mary Baldwin and her many friends will miss her when she retires and returns to her native state, South Carolina.

## ***Budgets, Buildings and 40 years of precision***

BY DON HAMILTON

*Now a teacher of American history and coordinator of high school social studies, Don Hamilton once was instructor of journalism for Mary Baldwin and counts it an honor to have had paychecks signed in the feathery penmanship of J. T. Spillman. His wife is the former Mary Graves Knowles, also a sometimes journalist, of the Class of '47.*

A cram course in college finances constituted the credentials James T. Spillman brought to the business position he accepted with trepidation 40 years ago at Mary Baldwin College.

"It had to be a cram course because school opened two weeks after I took the job," the retiring treasurer and business manager recalls.

"I didn't know anything about bookkeeping and I had despised mathematics in college," he notes now. With an understandable degree of pride, he adds, "I never had a theoretical background for this position, only practical experience."

Mr. Spillman came to Mary Baldwin in the late summer of 1930 at the request of Dr. L. Wilson Jarman, the president. He left a job as salesman for Beverly Book Company.

"When my wife told me Dr. Jarman wanted to talk to me, I thought the college had decided to

purchase some library shelving I had been trying to sell," Mr. Spillman relates.

The offer to become assistant business manager flabbergasted him. "I told Dr. Jarman, 'you have the wrong man, I don't know anything about bookkeeping'." Mary Baldwin's second president persisted, reminding the reluctant young salesman that he had a bachelor's degree from Davidson and had been recommended by a former employer, S. B. Wright, who played golf with Dr. Jarman.

Mr. Spillman agreed only after assurance he would have the benefit of an intensive training program. "It had to be intensive, there were only two weeks left before school opened, so four auditors crammed information into me for the two weeks and then left me on my own.

"I was afraid I didn't know a thing since it seemed everything they had told me had gone into one ear and out the other," he recalls.



Something of the combined wisdom of the four auditors must have rubbed off. They offered to return if needed. Mr. Spillman admits he never felt the need to call them once he was caught up in the day-to-day requirements of the post.

He was to serve five of Mary Baldwin's six presidents. He moved from the role of assistant business manager to bursar, then to the present post of treasurer and business manager from which he retires July 10.

"The most efficient man I have ever met," one of his colleagues says of him.

To many of those whose livelihood is linked to Mary Baldwin College he is recognized only as a distinctive signature on a pay voucher. His has been a background role, but an ever increasingly significant one, in the nearly half century of the school's development and progress with which he has been involved intimately.

A native of Columbia, S. C., Mr. Spillman came to Staunton to live in 1923 after graduation from Davidson. His roots here go much deeper than that. He began spending his summers in Augusta County in 1909 at the Wright homeplace, a farm at Newport owned by the brother of his stepmother.

There is apparent regret in his recollection that he never learned to milk a cow, "since there was no need for it."

But he evinces a degree of pride in the fact he was able to master practically every other role required of the farmer in those days, "without benefit of mechanical advantage. I even walked behind the horse-drawn plow."

Mr. Spillman once entertained the idea of a career in medicine. "I was accepted at the University of North Carolina Medical School, but circumstances at home caused me to give up that idea."

He left the farm at Newport in 1923 to join Mr. Wright in a book and stationery store business in Staunton located then on North Augusta Street across from the present YMCA building. It was known as the Bear and Wright (B&W) Book Co. In 1929 when Mr. Wright left the business to open a women's wear shop, Mr. Spillman joined the traveling sales staff of the Beverly Book Co. He was on vacation in the summer of 1930 when the call came from Dr. Jarman.

"That call was my good luck that brought me to Mary Baldwin," Mr. Spillman says, but the timing fell short of good fortune. In 1930 the country was caught up in the wake of the economic crash of 1929. It was not an auspicious moment for either the college or the country.

"Enrollment at Mary Baldwin was down to 129 girls and men with doctorates were begging for faculty jobs. They didn't ask for pay, just food and lodging," Mr. Spillman remembers.

He drove some of the students to Washington for Franklin Delano Roosevelt's inauguration in Dr. Jarman's Hupmobile. "It took four quarts of oil going down and four quarts coming back."

President Roosevelt declared an immediate bank holiday and Mr. Spillman recollects his immediate panic.

"All I had was the money in my pocket, no checks could be drawn, and I had to get the girls fed and pay for the oil that Hupmobile was using to get us all back."

In larger context, he said he vowed "If Mary Baldwin College and the country can live through this, they'll live through anything."

Through the years since, Mr. Spillman has observed "dramatic changes, academically, physically, and socially" at Mary Baldwin.

In that depression year he became a part of the college the annual

budget was \$150,000. The projection for next year is \$2.8 to \$2.9 million.

Looking ahead, he sees "a need to increase enrollment, endowments, gifts and grants . . . herein lies the challenge to do something, for at present it costs us an average \$989 more per girl than we realize from the student."

He feels a need for a minimum level of enrollment to keep up the pace of orderly growth in the face of today's problem of inflation. "Inflation ate us up" with a guaranteed four-year tuition level plan which is being phased out. It cost \$562,550 in lost fees, he notes.

But the problem pales in 40-year perspective for the retiring treasurer. "Mary Baldwin College has been here 128 years and she will remain at least another 128," he believes.

He foresees problems, offset by accomplishment of worthwhile objectives, "and those problems will be no more insurmountable than those I have observed from the depths of the depression to the present phenomenon of affluency shadowed by inflation."

The big difference for Mr. Spillman will be his point of view. After August 1—a tentative date, he insists—he will be viewing Mary Baldwin College and the world from atop a mountain near Radford, overlooking the New River Valley and Claytor Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Spillman, the former Lelia Hanger, (MBC '20) are building a home there where their son, Blair, a Radford pediatrician, resides.

Blair and his wife and five children are at home only a few hundred yards from the Spillman's retirement retreat.

"I plan to transfer all my mental anguish to physical labor," Mr. Spillman says, "Blair will be getting a babysitter, handyman and seamstress in the two of us."



# REFLECTIONS ON THE LOSS OF A DEAN

*or, what can you say dear  
after you say you're sorry?*

BY GORDON PAGE

*On the faculty as teacher of choral music since 1949, Gordon Page is one of the veterans in the Martha Grafton Fan Club. As of her, one could say of Mr. Page, Mary Baldwin is "his" college.*

Sometime way back there in the winter they ask you to do a piece about Martha Grafton's retirement and you swell with pride at their confidence in you, and your ego gets that boost that is so important to faculty members who have become part of the furnishings around here.

So you think, and start, and tear up your start, and start over again and again and again—all the time assuring them that you've got an idea that you think will work and you know that they know that you know that it isn't really going to do.

You sit in front of your typewriter that's gotten you out of or into trouble in the past, with this blasted piece of foolscap staring you in the face and you wonder

what you can possibly say about this woman that hasn't been said a thousand times before in a thousand better ways than are at your limited command. You want to call the *Mary Baldwin* editor and tell her to get another boy for this job because you just can't do it, but you say to yourself no you promised and she's counting on you even if you are late with it, and anyway she knows it's an impossible job and that's why she's been so patient with you and has only needed your wife to find out how things are going.

So you try to run this thing the way you intended from the beginning—the way the editor and you both thought would be best—like using the light touch so there won't be any mawkishness about it that might embarrass your friend and you go around pumping people to tell you about her non-Deaning ways and their experiences of that deadpan, throw-away humor that rocks you back on your heels before you know what hit you and they all say that she has a wonderful comic sense but they can't think of any specific examples.

Then you remember what John Stanley said about her reaction when he told her that Phi Beta Kappa was in the bag—how she did a little impromptu dance around the living room there on Selma Boulevard and then came up and threw her arms around him and kissed those grizzled old checks of Mary Baldwin's World Beyond the West; you remember being told how she used to tell Tom when he came courting at Agnes Scott that he could walk her across the campus from one meeting to another, and then he could either wait for her or go on back where he came from because she was real busy.

It flashes across your mind how she explained the Honor Society to Frank Pancake the other day at faculty meeting when he asked what

it meant to be elected to that group, and she said what it really meant was that if you were a Senior who qualified you got a free breakfast on the day you found out about it.

You remember her performance as the Little Moron in the faculty skit of a bygone year when she just jitted in and out of the stage-set classroom looking perfectly at home in the part! Suddenly you recall the legend about the engagement ring Tom sent her in the mail and she got so excited about it that she threw it in the trash can along with the packaging, and then she and Bill Crone (I think it was—Richard's daddy) had to go all through the day's collected junk in order to find it and apparently she did, because they're married, aren't they?

And you know how she has reacted to her job as a continuing highly placed officer of the college because you heard that when she introduced Bill Kelly to the Dallas alumnae she first called him Dr. Spencer, and then said that with Dr. Jarman she felt like a daughter, and when Sam Spencer came along, it was sort of like being an older sister, but that now with Bill, it was more like being the mother of a son. You remember her parting words to Bill as he took off for Europe and left her in charge (again) last February: "Be sure to come back."

You think back to Martha Stackhouse Grafton Day last year when the students had their "riot" in her honor and she fidgeted and fussed around because it embarrassed her, and besides, she had work to do, but she loved it just the same. And you know that when you have gone to her with your puny little troubles that look like mountains to you and you don't know how you're going to convince the rest of the faculty that the Choir is Important, and Jim McAllister has you scared to death because he doesn't like to be crossed when he has a Colloquium going,



but he's having it on your time, (and you don't want to be responsible again for apoplexy in the Religion and Philosophy Department), she says. "Now take it easy, Gordon, things are always worse than they seem and you might as well make the best of it and take it one thing at a time and don't get panicky."

And sure enough, after a while Jim either calls you or writes you a note explaining the whole thing to your satisfaction, if not to his, and the lid is on a while longer. All she has done is to restore your sense of proportion for you and persuaded you to wait instead of going off half-cocked—because nobody really wants to step on anybody else's feet and they won't do it to yours if you'll just keep them out of their way.

So, after all these reminiscences about her, you come to the conclusion that all those other people are right: she does have a marvelous sense of humor but you can't really recall anything in particular that she has said or done that is hilariously funny; that all she has done is to give 40 years of her life to a College that both you and she love and that you yourself are scared for, and which she has rescued time and again since you have been here by calling on that sense of humor which might almost be called her faith in God and in her fellow man, if that didn't sound too simple.

And you hope that the editor will have sense enough not to use this after all, and just print lots of pictures of Martha which have been taken over the years and which may show changes in everything about her but those steady, candid eyes—full of fun, but, oh, so wise, and supporting, and comforting.

She has a schnauzer named Snoopy. Her cat is Toby the Tiger. She drives a German sports car. She likes mini-skirts and thong sandals.

She's the new dean of Mary Baldwin College and she had to stand on a box to tell a convocation her concepts of government and how she viewed the role of student officers.

Dr. Elke Frank is now winding up her duties as associate professor of international relations in the School of International Service at the American University in Washington. She will become Mary Baldwin's Dean of the College on August 1 and in addition, will be a teaching member of the faculty as professor of political science.

She has been in Staunton for several special occasions this spring, including the Honors Convocation and the installation of the 1970-71 Student Government Association officers.

When the announcement of her appointment was made she told assembled students and faculty that she had taken a gentle teasing from some of her university colleagues about going to a small college in this day and time when most students are thinking in terms of big universities.

Elke Frank replied to them with her gracious certainty:

"Look, you should know the woman in whose footsteps I am supposed to follow. I am thinking big."

Then she told the convocation: "It will be very difficult for me to find my way and all of you will have to help me. I intend to do my best."

From her life experiences, she expressed her views and philosophies of campus governance as she addressed the new student officers. For example:

As a political scientist: *"Representative government really functions best . . . Nothing produces better results than consensus . . . Representative government raises*

*one important question—whom do you represent? Those who elected you; or the posts to which you have been elected, or the institutional framework which gave rise to the roles you fill . . . Do you serve the people who elected you—even if it means destroying the institutions which gave rise to your roles? Students come and go, but the institutions must endure.*

*"I never thought of myself as a conservative, but more and more I would be inclined to answer those questions in terms of Edmund Burke, 'Society is a contract. It be-*

## The New Dean



*comes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead and those who are to be born.'"*

As an administrator: *"Representative government is like a conveyor belt. It enables the administrator to know what the community needs and wants. It points out conflicting interests and demands of the society. In turn, it is the most meaningful element to channel back into the community the decisions which the administrator makes."*

As a teacher and citizen "over 30": *"The problems student govern-*

*ment on any campus faces today are viewed by the student generation as unique. Today's students are impatient. They want to change, they want to break away from what was and build better. Believe me, students of my day felt the same way—outraged and disgusted. But if we had succeeded in making a radical break, you probably wouldn't be here. If, in wanting to change the institutions we disliked we had destroyed them, what would have been left for you?"*

*"Why should the fruits of generations long since dead be destroyed by the generations living now, to leave the generations yet unborn with a heritage that is uncertain at best, a sham at worst. It is very easy to squash something we don't like. Much harder to construct something better. Very few among us have the genius to create something totally new. Many of us have the ability to improve what exists. The key to representative government is to mobilize the talents of the 'improvers' to reconcile the need for change with the preservation of society and the community."*

Elke Frank was born in 1934 in Hamburg, Germany, where her parents now reside. She came to the United States in 1951 as a foreign exchange student at Ensley High School in Birmingham, Ala. She liked American education and stayed around to study journalism and political science at Florida State University from which she received a bachelor of arts degree, cum laude, in June, 1957.

She was awarded a Florida State graduate fellowship and in 1959 earned her master's degree in political science. In the meantime she also became a naturalized U. S. citizen. With graduate fellowships both at Radcliffe and Harvard, she went on with the study of government and in 1964 earned her doctorate at Harvard, one of the first

*Continued on page 24*

# CONFERENCES, TEACH-INS, FORUMS

## *Bring Speakers of National Renown*

**Former Secretary of State Rusk  
In "Conversation" March 6:**

I want to make it clear from the very beginning that I am speaking very much as a private citizen. One of the nice things about our political practices in this country is that when a man winds up a tour as Secretary of State he is finished. I do not speak for the Johnson administration. That administration has been dissolved. I do not speak for a shadow government, as might have been the case in Great Britain. I certainly don't speak for the Democratic party. (As a matter of fact I don't know who does speak for the Democratic party.) I am speaking for myself as a very private, private citizen.

I have left the rigorous world of discussion and have now entered the exhilarating world of opinion. I can have opinions based upon good reasons, bad reasons or no reasons at all. I can postpone an opinion. I can have one opinion today and another opinion tomorrow, and not very much follows from it. But I hope as I live in this rather luxuriant world of opinion I will maintain my compassion for those who have to bear the burden of decision. I can tell you quite frankly that I am going to give the President all the support that I can in his foreign policy. We are all in this canoe together. The canoe is in turbulent waters. We are going to float through it safely together or sink, so I am not going to throw rocks at the man who is wielding the paddle. That doesn't mean that we should not have lively public debate on all these issues of foreign policy, but it does mean that we have re-

spect for the awesome and lonely responsibility carried by the President of the United States in the conduct of our foreign policies.

I'd like to comment very briefly before we get to your questions, on two generations — the generation that is beginning to forget and the generation that has had no chance to remember. Those of us my age are now almost a quarter of a century beyond World War II. With the passage of time some of us may have become forgetful about the great central issues which we squarely faced in the mid-forties when the world was thinking long and hard about how to prevent another great catastrophe. At the same time, half of our people today are too young to have had any chance to remember the agony of the events which prompted the sober conclusions which we wrote into the United Nations charter. For them World War II is another chapter in the history books, very much like the War of the Roses. When I speak to a college audience I, myself, am a bit startled to realize that many of the students before me were in the 4th, 5th, and 6th grades when I first became Secretary of State. Such desperate crises as the Berlin Crisis or the Cuban missile crisis are somewhat vague and distant experiences.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the central issues involved in maintaining a durable peace may not grip us as they did when we as survivors tried to pick ourselves up out of the tragedy of World War II. We charted the course which would not repeat that dreadful experience in human frailty and capacity for evil. If we are in the early stages of

another great debate on the subject of how to organize a durable peace, I, myself, welcome it. I hope there can be a genuine and sustained dialogue, both within and between generations, a dialogue infused with mutual respect and an earnest desire to find, if possible, better answers than we have thus far found. And a dialogue infused by that mutual presumption of good faith which is the cement which holds a democratic society together.

Perhaps we who are older carry scars which ought to be allowed to heal. Perhaps we nourish old prejudices and passions which ought to be set aside. Perhaps we have become too skeptical about new approaches because we have seen the failure of so many. On these matters surely our young people can help us. We need their help and aspirations. We need their insistence on narrowing the gap between what is and what ought to be. We need their ambition and energy and imagination.

But it is also just possible that we who are older can contribute something to this dialogue with the young. As we join to find the right path, perhaps on occasion we can say: "Don't take this particular path. We have been down that one and it leads over the cliff."

Or we can say: "Don't repudiate the mistakes of your fathers merely to embrace the mistakes of your grandfathers."

If the idea of collective security is not a satisfactory answer by all means let us find a better one. But this time let us be sure that we don't stumble upon a worse one. The theory and practice of collective security represent the principal lesson

*The visitors came by different routes of fame and spoke on widespread topics, but they sounded a recurring theme from the Mary Baldwin platform—the world needs the leadership, ambition, energy and imagination of today's youth!*

we drew from World War II and the events which led up to it. So let there be an urgency about our dialogues because there will be no lessons to be drawn from World War III. There just won't be enough left.

I must confess to you that I am not very much impressed when I hear as new ideas for the '70s such things as "It is too far away," "It is not our business," "Let someone else do it," "Give him another bite, maybe he will be satisfied," "Don't pay any attention to what he says, he won't do anything about it," "Let's forget the rest of the world and take care of our affairs here at home." For these are the ideas which led another generation of students only yesterday directly into the consuming fires of world war.

It simply is not true that the views or involvement of young people are being ignored as we address ourselves to the central issues of our own day. Yesterday, there were other young people and tens of millions were lost because governments refused to act to prevent world war. Tomorrow, there will be still other young people and hundreds of millions of them could be lost unless we learn how to organize for peace. So let us have our debate and let it be geared to the simple and decent purposes which the American people bring to bear upon our conduct as a nation.

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**Senator William B. Spong, Jr. (D. Va.) on "Earth Day" April 22:**

**(Excerpts)**

There is a discernible shift in values away from quantitative toward qualitative criteria for the

good life. The nation's young people are responsible in large measure for this change in outlook. More and more we hear them express their desire for a better quality of life as a goal for both private ambition and public policy. The young well understand that we have gone beyond the point where environmental issues are limited to the protection of a stream, or a forest, or a stretch of shoreline. That protection is still needed, but it is no longer the central issue. The central issue is the health and welfare of man, wherever he lives, and whatever his station in life. It cuts across economic, social and racial lines.

Young people also have developed to an art the ability to recognize the difference between form and substance. . . .

According to a recent Harris survey, pollution control now ranks with aid to education at the top of the taxpayers' list of necessary federal funding. . . .

The interest generated by the teach-ins being held throughout the country hopefully will lead to a broad and responsible participation by young people in the political processes by which environmental policies are determined. If the crusade is to be successful, it must extend beyond the academic community. Everyone must be brought into the act. Granted, the younger generation has inherited the environmental mess created by thoughtless elders. But legislation also has been accumulated.

Today's youth was born in the atomic age, grew up in the computer age, and is living in the space age. With the tremendous emphasis on

*Continue on page 24*



*Dean Rusk took 30 questions from his audience to make his very interesting "Conversation."*



*Congresswoman Chisholm*



*Senator Spong*



# The age of ecology

BY JOHN F. MEHNER

"Stronger than all of the armies is the idea whose time has come," wrote Victor Hugo. In recent weeks and months the idea that has caught the public's interest and concern is the deterioration of the environment in which we live. The science that is in the spotlight is ecology, the biological science that treats the interrelationships of all organisms in the environment and their relationships with the various physical or abiotic factors such as moisture and temperature. The word ecology is derived from the Greek root "oikos" meaning "house", and ecologists concern themselves with the structure and function of our environmental house, nature.

In reality the study of our physical and biological surroundings is not new, nor is the awareness of man's effect as an agent in affecting the quality of the environment new. A book written in late Civil War days by George P. Marsh — *Man and Nature; Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action*—marked a modest beginning of land wisdom in this country. Yet the growth of wisdom in respect to environmental use has been painfully slow, prompting some of us in en-

vironmental sciences to remember the remark of a retiring professor to the effect that the ability of the human mind to resist the introduction of new knowledge and ideas is almost infinite.

Now after years of apathy and disinterest, and the insensitive exploitation of his "house", what has caused man to become concerned with environmental problems"? A line from one of Coleridge's poems points up one matter of great concern. "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink." The gravity of the water crisis is evident in the death of Lake Erie from sewage and agricultural fertilizer and in the rapid decline of many other bodies of water. Another factor of concern is the increasing smog of metropolitan areas that results in a curtailment of outdoor physical activity on some days in cities such as Los Angeles and Chicago.

Other indicators of environmental ills can be found in the decline of bird populations in areas where persistent pesticides have been used unwisely. Birds of prey are very susceptible, and the last ten years have seen not only a diminishing in the numbers of Bald Eagles and Peregrine Falcons but also a decreased reproductive vitality. Local decimations of bird populations on midwestern university campuses and cities have resulted where improperly tested methods were employed in the control of the Dutch Elm disease. These and other problems resulting from pesticides use were brought to the public dramatically in 1962 by Rachel Carson in her *Silent Spring*. More than any other book it made the public aware of ecological systems, the ecosystems that make up the planet earth.

The term ecosystem was coined by a British plant ecologist, A. G. Tansley, in 1935 as a holistic concept to include the vegetation of a

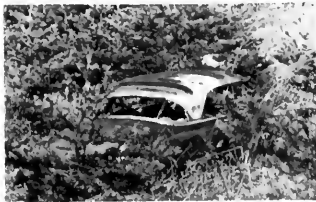
given area and its environment—the climate, soils, and animals. The flora and fauna of the area are known as a biotic community, and they interact with the sunlight, soil, mineral elements, moisture, temperature, and topography to create an ecological system or ecosystem. Ponds, lakes, fields, coniferous forests, deciduous forests, coral reefs—all of these are examples of ecosystems. Diverse as they are, their basic structure is similar in that they possess abiotic substances, producers, consumers, and decomposers. Abiotic substances are basic chemical elements and compounds. The green plants are the producers while the consumers are usually animals that ingest other organisms or particulate organic material. Bacteria and fungi are largely responsible for breaking down the complex compounds of dead organisms.

Checks and balances operate all along the line in an ecosystem just as in an individual organism. The intricate relationships that exist among the members of a biotic community are often not obvious until some disturbing factor is introduced. Such was the case on the Michigan State University campus in the mid-1950's when I was doing studies of robins in that area. There were many American elm trees on campus, and their existence was threatened by a fungal infection, the Dutch elm disease. The disease is spread from one tree to another by bark beetles, and controlling these insects seemed to be the most logical approach to arresting the spread of infection. At that time DDT seemed to be the panacea for pest control problems, and this chlorinated hydrocarbon was sprayed on the elm trees two times a year.

In the spring of 1955, one year after the first application of DDT to the elm trees, dead and dying robins were much in evidence. At first the idea that DDT was re-

sponsible was dismissed, but with study it became evident that we were observing a foliage—leaf litter—earthworm—robin cycle. Leaves covered with the chlorinated hydrocarbon contributed to the leaf litter in the fall, some of which was eaten by earthworms. When the robins returned to the campus in the spring of 1955, they became poisoned after they ate the earthworms.

A very dramatic example also involving DDT came to light recently. Large amounts of the pesticide were used in areas of Borneo to control mosquitoes and houseflies. The lives of people inhabiting villages in the sprayed areas were affected directly when the thatched roofs of houses began to fall. Caterpillars were the culprits responsible for the collapse of the roofs, and



they became overly abundant when applications of DDT reduced drastically a predatory wasp which preyed on them. Lizards that inhabited houses and fed on insects succumbed, and house cats that ate lizards died. People experienced the impact of the resulting imbalance when the populations of rodents increased.

Another example of ecological imbalance has come to light recently in widely separated coral reefs of the Pacific. A starfish, the crown-of-thorns, has increased to the point where it is destroying the reefs at an unprecedented rate. If the destruction continues, the island homes of thousands of people will be threatened. The factors causing the increase in the starfish are unknown.

We are now a part of every ecosystem on earth, and we have a responsibility to carry out our activities without bringing havoc to the balances that have developed over years of evolution, balances which in many cases have a direct bearing on the shaping of our own destiny. Nationwide concern for the quality of the environment was demonstrated on April 22, Earth Day, at universities and colleges, and in many communities. At Mary Baldwin a successful program of films, seminars, and clean-ups was climaxed by an address by Senator William B. Spong (D-Va.) But Earth Day will have been for naught if we do not pursue the problems of pollution and overpopulation, which are exceedingly complex and will not go away. The Mary Baldwin Department of Biology is reorganizing its introductory courses so that ecological principles will receive thorough coverage. As an outgrowth of the activities of Earth Day, students and faculty are planning to establish an organization to study environmental problems and to become actively involved in selected projects.

In coalition with others, it is possible to contribute effectively to ecological matters. Today there are strong organizations that are doing much to advance the fight against abuse of the landscape. One such organization is Nature Conservancy with headquarters in Washington and chapters in many states of the union. During 1969 this organization assisted in the preservation of lands valued at more than \$20,000,000. In 24 different states a variety of areas was acquired—salt marsh and inland swamp, semitropical jungle and coniferous forest, river bank and lake shore, prairie and gorge, rocky island and mountain meadow. The vast majority of these lands are turned over eventually to universities and col-

leges, and to state authorities for use as scientific or recreational areas.

Among other organizations that merit support are the Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club, and Planned Parenthood Chapters.

But most important of all, man must re-evaluate his attitude toward nature. Over the years we have convinced ourselves that ecological atrocities are simply a part of the price we pay for our affluence. We have become so insensitive to the exploitation of the environment that we believe it to be essential to our culture. Our life styles are in blatant defiance of ecological law. We throw anything into our garbage and down the drain. We see our relationships with nature and with each other as a never ending battle. Our demands for products result in mountains of refuse. The present population growth will lead to a doubling of global population by the 21st century. Without major revisions in our attitudes toward nature and in our life styles, the future of mankind is not bright.

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#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Dr. Mehner, head of Mary Baldwin's biology department since 1963, has been warning of pollution and preaching conservation in his teaching career of more than 25 years. His studies on the effects of DDT on robins were used by Miss Carson in Silent Spring. He has held several National Science Foundation grants to pursue ecological and behavioral research.*



# The Skeleton in Thomas Hardy's Closet

BY FRANK R. SOUTHERINGTON



Thomas Hardy

The more one looks at the Victorian era, the more its air of respectability appears to be a sham. The Victorians talked of God, but worshipped progress; they developed and extended a wealthy empire, yet even as they spread their belief in the white man's burden to spread his superior civilization, voices of doubt and disillusion arose which were to strike at the ideological roots of everything they stood for; they amassed enormous riches, yet for long tolerated industrial and rural poverty whose marks can still be seen on the face of modern Britain.

To oversimplify, there was throughout a curious dichotomy be-

tween Victorian ideals and Victorian activities, and nowhere is this more evident than in their attitude towards sex and pornography. When Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist* he dared not write openly that Nancy was a prostitute; yet Dickens himself possessed a mistress whose existence remained unguessed by his multitude of worshippers, and proved an embarrassment to his biographers. Swinburne was a pervert; Ruskin and Lewis Carroll were votaries of what has since been called "The Cult of the Little Girl", in an age when young girls were either idealized beyond belief or made the victims of ruthless sexual exploitation. London contained 120,000 prostitutes; yet married women were required to believe that feminine enjoyment of sex was reprehensible, and to cover themselves with clothing that was both impractical and uncomfortable.

For modern readers, complacent about our own hypocrisies and inconsistencies, the results of the repression of the physical and animal sides of man's nature may seem either repellent or comic. Yet that repression was there, and its mark lies heavily upon most Victorian writing and most Victorian figures. The Victorians spoke with two voices, and the language of their second voice would still not be admitted to a "decent" conversation.

Of course, the voice of Victorianism is chiefly that of an energetic and expanding middle class. The aristocracy behaved as they had always done. The Prince of Wales, with his open liaisons with Sarah Bernhardt, Lilly Langtry, and numerous others, was typical; yet Queen Victoria, standing for all that was most decorous, was closer to middle-class attitudes, whose facade tends to obscure aristocratic indulgence, and obscures even more the lives of more than 80 per cent of the population: the industrial

and rural poor. The most cursory glance at Victorian public records is enough to show that the social and sexual mores of the time bore little relation to the facts. It was the rule, not the exception, for a girl from a labourer's home to become pregnant before marriage, and the reason for this is very simple: the labourer earning six or seven shillings a week could not afford a wife and family, and did not marry until he had to. The middle classes were shocked by the "crudity" of their social inferiors, yet remained largely indifferent to the poverty which caused it.

If "Victorian" and "middle-class" are synonyms here, then Thomas Hardy represents a case-history of Victorian social man. For Hardy was the victim, and his best works the product, of middle-class repression. His was a curious position: the son of an originally wealthy and powerful family, he was brought up by a father who lacked means and ambition, and a mother whose

Randall, son of Thomas Hardy and Tryphena Sparks

Copyright: Lois Deacon





conduct, if not beliefs, was governed by working-class assumptions—she did not marry until she was nearly four months pregnant. After a strictly Victorian education, Hardy's success both as architect and author placed him in a social group whose acceptance of conventional standards was mandatory. In consequence his attitude to himself and his family was ambivalent; he was proud of his family's remoter past, shocked and ashamed by the conduct of his more recent ancestors. He was himself the victim of strong passions—in 1867 he became engaged to a cousin eleven years younger than himself, and in 1868, at the age of seventeen, she bore his only child—yet he could not shake off his conventional disapproval of those whose passions dominate their reason. His earliest novels may be read as a direct appeal to men to subdue their instincts to their intellects. It is significant that as his work progressed he became less certain that this

attitude was valid, and that uncertainty may be traced to his response to his own experience.

Hardy's need to suppress the details of his own career led him to remove from his notebooks and journals every page concerning the crucial years of his life, 1867-75. During this period his child was born, his engagement to his cousin Tryphena Sparks was broken and she herself wooed by another man; his closest friend committed suicide; his early aspirations towards the Church died in the ruins of a shattered faith; and in 1874 he embarked on a reluctant marriage that was to prove a disaster. Over these events lay the shadow of the fear of unwitting incest: the possibility that through the recklessness of his parents and closest relatives Tryphena might in fact be, not his cousin, but his niece. Of most of these events and their inter-relationships he has left us little trace. He, and after his death his widow, burnt large quantities of personal papers. His autobiography omits all reference to Tryphena Sparks or her family, while in the Sparks family records equal care was taken to obscure any possible connection with the Hardys. Every attempt was made to suppress the truth; and yet, under the guise of fiction, Hardy revealed it.

During the last ten years an extensive search of local and public records, and the timely discovery of Tryphena's descendants, has revealed that Hardy's liaison with Tryphena was the most crucial experience of his life. His sense of Victorian propriety compelled him to suppress any direct allusion to it; yet its influence on his close and secretive personality and far more revealing writings was profound. Some modern scholars dislike any concern with an author's private life; yet without reliable biography it is difficult to see how we are to

understand the creative forces behind some of the greatest novels and poetry of the century.

In particular, it is difficult to explain the force which motivated *Jude the Obscure*. The book has been seen as a "problem" ever since its appearance in 1895, and more recently E. M. Forster noted that "there is some vital problem that has not been answered, or even posed, in the misfortunes of *Jude the Obscure*". The radically oversimplified answer to this is that the misfortunes are not Jude's but Hardy's, and the problem is not posed in the book because it had already been posed in the life. Broadly, it may be defined as the problem of unexplained evil, the eternal problem of reconciling evident suffering with the presence of a benevolent personal God. The events which posed this problem were not fictional, but real. Almost every personal detail about Jude Fawley, major and minor, is also characteristic of Hardy himself. Specific incidents of the book—the family hostility to cousin-marriages, Sue's escape from the Melchester training-school—are derived directly from the experiences of Hardy's sister. Yet even these are marginal features of autobiography; features in the composition of the work suggest that there is an authorial preoccupation or obsession of greater significance than simple parallels between the work and the life.

Fawley, Jude's surname, is taken from the name of a village in southern Berkshire, the Marygreen of the novel, and the childhood home of Hardy's paternal grandmother, Mary Head. For the first 40 pages of the novel Jude's surname is given not as *Fawley*, but as *Head*. Other names considered for Jude were *Hopeson* and *Hand*. *Hopson* was the maiden name of Mary Head, *Hand* the family name of Hardy's maternal ancestors. Even in the

Tryphena Sparks

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final form of the work, Mary Head's name was preserved in the forms *Marygreen* and *Bridehead*. Throughout the manuscript, in fact, there are reminiscences of both maternal and paternal ancestors. Hardy was familiar with the fortunes of his mother's family, and as early as 1862 he had visited Fawley and consulted the parish records there. What he found on both sides of his family was a recurring pattern of marital unhappiness, infidelity, reckless passion, hasty marriages, illegitimacy, and numerous cousin-marriages.

Some strange omissions and emendations in the autobiography, and comments in the novels and poems, show that Hardy felt himself bound, in some obscure way, to re-enact the follies of his ancestors. Was, then, his reckless affair with a kinswoman, culminating in the birth of an illegitimate child, any more than an unwilling re-enactment of the past?

The appearance in contemporary journals of the work of such men as Francis Galton, who believed that hereditary patterns could indeed be established and might possibly restrict the degree of free-will in our possession, only strengthened Hardy's fears. His liaison with Tryphena Sparks, with many of its complications and with the overriding fear of hereditary compulsion, was recreated in *Jude the Obscure* after being repressed for almost 30 years. So that when Jude and Sue—who stand in exactly the same familial relationship as Hardy and Tryphena and, like them, share a common ancestry—talk of the “family curse” and see themselves as “two bitters in one dish”, they echo one of Hardy's deepest concerns.

The same is true of the theme of cousin-marriage which runs through the work: Hardy's mother had forbidden the banns between his sister and a cousin, and even today de-

scendants of the family believe marriage to be a danger and cousin-marriage a disaster. For Hardy, he saw himself guilty of an act of waste and folly, yet, against all his rational inclinations, he questioned his own responsibility for what had taken place.

The only totally fictional event in *Jude the Obscure* is the murder of the children and the suicide of Little Father Time; and even here there are relations to be drawn between Jude's child and Hardy's and between the child's suicide and that of Hardy's closest friend. Yet strangest of all, neither this, nor the theme of cousin-marriage, nor the notion of an ancestral curse, has any integral part to play in the work, which is, as Hardy described it in an early note, “the story of a young man who could not go to Oxford” because of his social obscurity. These themes are, indeed, the emotional, perhaps even neurotic, expression of something whose analysis defied Hardy himself, a combination of bitterness, anger, shame, and remorse. The death of Tryphena Sparks in 1890 (to which Hardy refers obliquely in his preface), the memories of his courtship of her, and the birth of their child; the suicide of a friend; the frustration of a vocation for the Anglican ministry; the subsequent loss of faith, and with it the awareness that purely materialistic belief was spiritually and aesthetically inadequate; the brooding sense that his was a decayed race and that he represented the end of an out-dated and effete ancestral line—all these, though Hardy could not express them in his autobiography and surviving notebooks, he expressed in *Jude the Obscure*. As a novel, it is faulted; but it remains a great human document, the outcome of the bewildered frustration and resentment that had been repressed almost completely for a quarter of a century.

Just as the poems of 1912-13 were an expiation for the bitter years of Hardy's first marriage, so *Jude the Obscure* epitomizes the emotions attached to his experiences with Tryphena. But it also liberated Hardy from the personal obsessions which had become the mainspring of his creative activity. In the years that followed he was able to return again to the broad questioning of human existence which marked his earlier works, to produce, finally, a tentative vision of human life as a struggle which man could win. He threw off the shackles of Victorianism to become the first great poet of the new age.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Under the same title, this essay was presented (at greater length) in a 1969 Spring Seminar, the popular “continuing education” program of the Alumnae Association for women of Staunton. Recognized as a world authority on Thomas Hardy, Dr. Southerington was born in Dorset, the heart of Hardy's Wessex, educated at Oxford, and taught in Sweden and Finland before coming to Mary Baldwin in 1968 as assistant professor of English. The latest of his numerous publications, Hardy's Vision of Man, a critical biography, and Jude the Obscure, A Critical Edition, are scheduled for fall release.*

Jane Irzyk, a bubbly little ambassador of Mary Baldwin, has been telling businessmen this year of her "enthusiasm, pride and dedication" for her college. She speaks from experience. She held important class and campus offices from the moment she set foot in Staunton. As a senior she was president of the Student Government Association, a year that witnessed many changes in rules, as well as student attitudes about their governance.

In numerous public appearances she has been of signal service to the Virginia Foundation for Independent Colleges and has boosted support for the small, liberal arts college among businesses of Virginia. The daughter of General and Mrs. Albin F. Irzyk, she is engaged to a Marine now in Vietnam. Awaiting marriage, she will be working at Mary Baldwin as an admissions counselor.

This is part of what Jane has been saying:

"As a senior looking back on four years of college, I think it amazing that I chose a college that was so perfect for me. . . . The advantages Mary Baldwin and the other Virginia independent colleges offer, the high standards and goals they are able to maintain, are a source of pride for me. And I greatly appreciate their role in this era of the multi-university. . . .

"There have been many recently who have predicted that soon there will be no need for small, independent colleges. This type of institution, they claim, cannot sufficiently compete and thus, will not be able to survive in the rat-race of education today. I think they are wrong for it seems to me that the small, independent colleges are meeting the needs of today's students in a way the multi-university cannot. . . .

"I have a little difficulty, however, actually putting into words the many reasons why I think I am experi-

# A senior speaks:



Jane Irzyk

encing such a rare opportunity. It is hard to explain because an institution such as Mary Baldwin, Hollins, or Washington and Lee, creates a special atmosphere that is shared by all who are a part of it. We are given a chance to spend four years in a community. A community based on understanding, mutual respect, and trust. . . . There is a certain spirit that's contagious. . . .

"Be it student to student, faculty to student, or administration to student, people do care about each other and are interested in each as an individual. . . . These relationships are very special. We all realize that we are sharing in the attainment of a common goal—education. To do this we must understand, trust and communicate, and this we are

able to do. Our faculty take an individual interest in us. They always have, or make, the time to talk to us. We are invited to come to them with problems, and we do. They are asked to participate in many student functions which give them an opportunity to know us and we see them in a different type of situation, away from the office or classroom. . . .

"Because of such relationships the problem of communication and lack of understanding that is causing so much trouble on campuses today is not a major problem for our colleges. While our students are busily engaged in the business of getting an education and preparing for the future, we are concerned about many of the same problems that have precipitated misbehavior on other campuses around the country. However, the difference is in our approach to finding solutions to the problems. On the intimate campuses of Virginia's independent colleges there is an opportunity for open communication. . . .

"All of us are aware that times are changing. We cannot and do not want to live in a vacuum and, consequently, our Virginia independent colleges are experiencing change, too. We have new social and academic freedoms which are testing the responsibility of every student, but it is a responsibility we have asked for. . . .

"Unfortunately, the image of educational institutions now is not a good one and it is hard for many not to generalize and say all colleges are going to the dogs. . . . I regret to acknowledge that our public image is rather pathetic, although I believe much is often out of true perspective. It is not exciting news to read about the scholastic achievements that go on from day to day, or about the qualitative values our colleges stand for, or even about some of the constructive things we have done to show our patriotic interests. . . ."

## 1970 Recipients of the Emily Smith Medallion *given annually by the college trustees to honor distinguished service by alumnae*

*The 1970 awards were presented to Mrs. Albert G. Peery, wife of a Tazewell, Va. judge, and Mrs. Harry L. Wise, wife of a chemical engineer of Charleston, W. Va. as a highlight of the alumnae banquet May 16. Citations are printed below.*



Her achievements have been accomplished in service to both adults and young people. After ten years as a troop leader of Girl Scouts, she has become president of the Mountain Laurel Girl Scout Council in southern West Virginia, a group supervising 12,000 members. In 1966 she was one of three leaders of a literacy movement, organizing the Charleston Literacy Council, which developed a tutoring program to teach adults to read and write. For this successful endeavor the Charleston Volunteer Service Bureau named her its "Volunteer of the Year" for 1969. Her labors have also involved many kinds of religious work within the Charleston Presbyterian Church, including presidency of the Women of the Church. She has participated in varied civic and political activities throughout West Virginia and has vigorously promoted cultural movements in Charleston. As a 1939 graduate of Mary Baldwin College, she has been active in the Alumnae Association, serving as a class secretary, chapter president, and member of the Board of Directors. With pride in her accomplishments and with gratitude for her fruitful endeavors, the Emily Smith Medallion is awarded to

BETTY GRONEMEYER WISE

Her activities within the church and community have covered a broad field. As the daughter of missionaries, she received her secondary education in China, then graduated from Mary Baldwin College and took her master of religious education degree at New York Theological Seminary. She has taught in high school and college, served as director of religious education in the First Presbyterian Church of Staunton, and participated widely in church work in her community of Tazewell, Virginia. She was co-author of a set of texts entitled *The Child and The Book* for use in public school week-day classes in religion. She has served actively in the Bluefield Area Council on Human Relations. In 1968, in recognition of her many contributions to the Tazewell area, a service organization of the black community honored her with its citizenship award. Her loyalty to Mary Baldwin is evidenced by her varied alumnae activities, including a term as national president of the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association. As the mother of four children, she has combined her civic and religious careers with a full life in her home. With gratitude for her achievements, Mary Baldwin College takes pleasure in awarding the Emily Smith Medallion to

AGNES JUNKIN PEERY



# BETWEEN HAM & JAM



## CHAPTER REPORTS

One of the first pleasures for the new college president is meeting his alumnae constituents. And from alumnae reports, the pleasures have been mutual.

Chapter after chapter this year has extended invitations to President William W. Kelly and his wife. He was able to accept those logged below:

Houston, Texas, a cocktail party on January 13  
 Richmond, Va., a cocktail party on March 11  
 Atlanta, Ga., a reception on March 22  
 Winston-Salem, Greensboro, High Point, N. C.,  
 a buffet diner on April 2  
 Farmville and Southside Virginia, a luncheon  
 on April 8  
 Charlottesville, Va., a luncheon on May 5

After the June commencement, before summer vacations, three meetings are scheduled for Dr. Kelly in the Carolinas:

Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill group, in Durham  
 for a coffee June 22  
 Greenville and Spartanburg group in Greenville  
 for dinner on June 23  
 Charlotte Chapter, a coffee on June 24.

Craven E. Williams, college vice president, also is being honored at the June meetings, along with parents of current students.

Emeriti professors Mildred Taylor and Fannie Strauss, always in demand for alumnae meetings, made their spring trip South and this year were honored at coffees in Birmingham on April 1, Montgomery, April 3, and Jacksonville April 13.

In Shreveport, La. at spring vacation time, March 27, *Marion White Wilson* '16 (Mrs. Edmondson H.) gave a tea for alumnae, current students and prospective students.

Two chapters engaged in fund-raising projects, always a welcome activity. Baltimore had a benefit theater party March 20; Dallas, a bus tour of the city April 7, and a needlework fair May 1 and 2.

Art took the interest of Northern Virginia alumnae who in May sponsored an exhibit of the works of *Lois Morrison Collins* '56 at the St. Memin Gallery of former professor Horace Day in Alexandria.

Matters intellectual occupied the Baltimore Chapter at a study/discussion meeting May 13.

## MARK YOUR CALENDAR

Attention all you chapter officers, class secretaries, fund chairmen and agents, class reunion committees, admissions aides, and members of the board of the Alumnae Association:

THE 1970 ALUMNAE COUNCIL  
 WILL BE HELD OCTOBER 21, 22, 23.

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contemporary christianity . . .

# The Dialogue



*In a day of restless uncertainty and change, it was a certainty that the Alumnae Association's program of directed reading and discussion on Contemporary Christianity would bring a variety of reactions. Stimulating samples of those reactions are printed on these pages, and we regret that space does not permit more "dialogue." Alumnae who have engaged in the study are now making their evaluations, most of which praise the study for its structure and scope.*

After reading Carl Edwards' article in the alumnae news issue of Mary Baldwin, I was convinced that I certainly shouldn't sign up to participate in the Contemporary Christianity study program. My brain has not atrophied since leaving college, but sometime during the last 25 years, the language has changed.

I understand the meaning of the word "theology" to mean the study of God. If that is true, theology is an act and not dogmas to be forged. The term "theologians of secularity" is a contradiction which does not make sense even considering poetic license for the sake of emphasis. I understand God as being "in the world", but instead of "looking for Him" as if He were in some places and situations and not others, our problem is to be where He expects to find us. "Our vexing political and social problems" are indeed situations where man must act as a responsible being, but they are also situations where our response needs to be to God, not to "the current great issues in all their demonic and beneficent potential."

To me, the word "category" implies a pigeon-holing, a labeling, a separation into sections and is incompatible with the act of becoming a human trait, such as man's responsibility, to use Mr. Edwards' phrase. Likewise the statement that "... demand for revolutions ... must underlie any contemporary analysis of Christian conversion" is

# Continues



a statement which is not reached through any logical progression and hits the reader, *this* reader, as a dogmatic statement with no foundation of truth. Unless the term revolution is used as Jesus speaks of turning again, I see very little connection with analysis of Christian conversion. I understand conversion to mean a personal, individual turning around which is followed by increasingly responding in love to situations, as Christian conversion becomes Christian maturity.

It seems to me that Mr. Edwards makes assumptions I'm not ready to make. He and I would have to spend some time in understanding terms before we reach the place where discussion can be meaningful. Like the young minister who lost his audience in the first sentence when he spoke of the myth of Christ, Mr. Edwards loses me by his use of words in ways which are to me unfamiliar, perplexing and finally meaningless. Maybe it's because I disagree with him so thoroughly that I cannot believe he is saying what he seems to be saying.

One does not have to appropriate the experience of his forebears to appreciate and learn from that experience. One can keep the truth and discard the fallacies. Denominational loyalties are not necessarily demonic and ecumenical sensitivity is not imperative when it involves dehumanizing the individual for the sake of applying one name to all Christians inaccurately. If recent

theology presupposes that theologizing will not be effective if it translates dogmas of the past into actions of the present, the answer is to bypass the man-made dogmas and to respond with love to the actions of God in His world and to the people in it. If this be revolution, it's the first time it's ever been so defined!

You see, if one article sets me off on such a long letter, I'll never get the ironing done or the garden weeded, or the kitchen floor scrubbed or letters written to my son in Viet Nam, or dinner prepared for the men my husband has invited after preparing a press conference concerning handling of oil spills. Perhaps if I'd read all those books I'd understand Mr. Edwards' terms, but I'm afraid there is very little time for study after preparing for our Adult Church School Class (Presbyterian CLC Curriculum), our weekly Bible Study under our Minister of Education, and the monthly Bible Study for my church circle.

But on the other hand, they have asked us to be the leaders for the College Class next fall, so I'd better spend the summer reading about contemporary theology. My order is enclosed. I still prefer "Good News for Modern Man."

Betty B. Hall '45  
(Mrs. Adin H. Hall, Houston, Tex.)

## MRS. EDWARDS REPLIES:

### Theology in the best sense

I would readily agree with Mrs. Hall's definition of theology as "the study of God," but I suggest that the use of the term in a phrase like "theology of secularity" is not, in fact, a contradiction. Its usage in that way parallels its usage in many other less controversial phrases such as "theology of the church," "theology of the sacraments" or "theology of man." In each instance a different topic is suggested but each is understood to be but one avenue by means of which the larger subject of God is analyzed. Hence it should be possible also to study God by studying "the world", which is just what the phrase "theology of secularity" means.

Any topic so considered, I might add, could be appropriately described as a category in the sense that it is but one of a number of general divisions within an overall subject utilized for giving to that subject some kind of organized treatment. If my use of the word "category" in my article suggested some rigid division of pigeon-holing that is not at all what I intended and I hope this further explanation is satisfactory.

Mrs. Hall has some more basic dissatisfactions with what I have said, though I confess that it is not altogether clear to me from her letter just what they are. Since I

did not claim that denominational loyalties are necessarily demonic or that ecumenical sensitivity is imperative under the conditions that she lays down it may be that the root difficulty is my suggestion that an appreciation of the impulse to revolution in our day and a sound understanding of what is involved in Christian conversion have something to do with one another. And I think they do.

In their Latin forms *revolve* and *converso*, revolution and conversion, are quite similar. Both have to do with a "turning around". When used with reference to man in the nexus of his social relationships both imply a radical reversal or alteration of the given conditions. There was even a time in the seventeenth century when the word "conversion" was used much as we now sometimes use the word "revolution," namely to describe the political or military overthrow of a government.

The real problem with important words like these is not that they tend to change but that they tend to atrophy. Alan Heimert in his important recent book *Religion in the American Mind* shows how the upsurge of emphasis on Christian conversion in the Great Awakening of the eighteenth century laid the social and cultural foundation for the American Revolution. Our forefathers, in other words, had their understanding of revolution enriched and informed by giving close attention to what was involved in Christian conversion. The theologians of secularity, and I with them, would argue that an atrophied understanding of Christian conversion in our day might be enriched, informed and enlivened by close attention to what is involved in the revolutions surrounding us. In each case the understanding thus achieved would be the result of studying and responding to the

movements of God in the concrete events of our history. It would be, precisely by Mrs. Hall's definition with which I concur, theology in the best sense.

Carl N. Edwards  
*Assistant Professor of Religion*

## Theology:

### **From Science of Ignorance To Ignorance of Science**

A little over three centuries ago theology was still regarded as "queen of the sciences", embracing all areas of human concern: the nature of the universe, the nature of man, and the Nature of God. Its methods, those of all scholarship before the Baconian criteria were generally accepted, leaned heavily on exhaustive citation of authorities, with little concern for objective validation of its conclusions or any evidential criteria at all.

The sequel is familiar history. The rise of a new scientific outlook led to a bitter clash which evicted the theologians from dominance of the physical sciences. After a long but uneasy truce, during which theologians still claimed the field of biology, the Darwinian disaster drove them out of that. Subsequent skirmishes involved such areas as public health, geology, and anthropology, but the war was really over and in 1896 the monumental and devastating analysis by White (1) brought a Carthaginian finish to the efforts of theologians to exercise authority in any part of the natural sciences.

The reaction of theologians to this shattering defeat was twofold. Many began to stress their claim to the subject matter of sociology, psychology, economics, and politics. Today the well-publicized spokes-

men of fashionable religious liberalism (2) presume to dictate on questions of urban policy, national defense, foreign affairs, and economic legislation, treating the world to such supremely funny spectacles as the National Council of Churches solemnly lobbying Congress for repeal of Section 14B of the Taft-Hartley Act.

Toward the natural sciences, on the other hand, most theologians assumed an attitude of rigid intellectual *apartheid*, conscientiously ignoring the explosive growth of natural science in the 20th century and steadfastly refusing to acknowledge that theology, if barred from dictating to those disciplines, could profitably have any contact with them at all.

Both reactions were pernicious. Against the first trend the argument is emphatically not that theologians, *per se* should keep out of secular affairs; far from it. Put simply and brutally, it is a question of competence. Against Galileo, Darwin, and a host of others the theologians lost out because, chained to an obsolete methodology, and stubbornly unwilling to study the new disciplines, they were plainly and grossly wrong. But the qualifications of the more vocal, modern theologians to arbitrate matters of public policy are not a bit more impressive than those of their unlucky predecessors who tried to pontificate on the origin of species, the laws of falling bodies, or the mechanics of the solar system.

Furthermore, the social sciences are currently undergoing an extensive interaction with natural science. Our understanding of human social organization is being shaped by the results of comparative ethology, paleo-anthropology, and experimental psychology (3). Economics is becoming a complex hybrid of applied mathematics, systems analysis, and information theory.



And our understanding of man himself has been transformed by the results of chemotherapy of psychoses, experimental psychology, and cybernetic analysis. As a result the absurdities of the Marxian

make a fertile field for intelligent reflection on the Nature and Will of God.

The scientists have had to plow this field by themselves (5). To be sure, Eduard Le Roy, Gergson's successor at the College de France made enough of a beginning in the 1930's to have his book placed on the Index Prohibitorum Librorum (6), and Karl Heim, at Tübingen in the early 1950's, vainly tried to draw his colleagues' attention to this area (7). But the more vocal American theologians, including Fletcher, Marcuse (8) and Cone, show no comprehension of, or interest in, the new conceptual framework of science which, more than anything else, has given form and distinctiveness to the 20th century world. In their basic attitudes they might as well be writing in the 1860's—or the 1660's, for that matter.

Thus the much-touted "situation ethics" is a trivial mixture of banalities, plus Fletcher's unsupported say-so. "Love God, and do as you please" goes back to Augustine; "circumstances alter cases" is a maxim as old as Roman Law; and Fletcher offers no evidence that "situation ethics" does in fact make people or societies happier, healthier, or more blessed than they are otherwise; indeed, he seems unaware that psychology or sociology require and can develop evidential criteria.

The "Christian dialog with Marxism", viewed in some quarters as the most promising development in modern theology, is fatuous for the same reasons. Theological devotees of an obsolete world view, invincibly ignorant of the nature and implications of 20th century science, solemnly debating ultimate questions with disciples of another obsolete dogma, ideologically chained to 19th century determinism! The simile of the blind leading the blind is Bibli-

cal, to be sure, but hardly meant as a prescription for theology.

The irony of the whole situation lies in the secularist theologians' insistence that God must be looked for *in the world*. More than any world since Creation, the secular world of the 20th century is shaped by science, informed by science, puzzled by science. And the theologians have stood inflexibly apart from it all. Truly they have labored all night and caught nothing; it is time they cast their net on the other side of the boat (9).

James B. Patrick  
Professor of Chemistry



Dr. Patrick

theory of society, the grotesqueries of the Freudian view of man, and much more intellectual rubbish from the 19th century are being discarded—except by theologians.

In addition, the physical sciences have raised a host of new and fascinating questions for the 20th century. The implications of the indeterminacy theory, especially for biological systems; the suggestive resemblance of Böhr's "complementarity" to the classical Christian formulation of the Trinity; the collapse of causality and thus of determinism in physics; and all the new insights and dilemmas associated with organ transplants, nuclear energy, four-dimensional space (4), artificial intelligence, genetic engineering and test-tube life—all these and many others

1. A. D. White, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* (1896).
2. It is an error to attribute the anti-scientific efforts of theology to "fundamentalists". Urban VIII and Bishop Wilberforce, the foes of Galileo and Darwin, were both sophisticated specimens of the theological intelligentsia, comparable to the Ivy League theologians of today.
3. The best popular summary of some of these results is in Robert Ardrey's two books, *African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*.
4. The theological best-seller *Honest to God* by Bishop J. A. T. Robinson is a blooper of the worst sort, resulting from the author's total ignorance of Minkowski spacetime.
5. A fine example is the set of essays *What Is Life* by physicist Erwin Schrödinger. Some others are *Space and Spirit* by Sir Edmund Whittaker (mathematician) and *Science and Christian Belief* by C. A. Coulson (theoretical chemist). A dramatic example of the absence of theological effort in these areas is *The Encounter between Christianity and Science* (1968), authored by two physicists, a biochemist, a geologist, a psychologist, and a sociologist. Even the introduction is by an electrical engineer; not a theologian in the lot! Yet the preface declares "This book has been written by men who profess to be servants, disciples, and witnesses of Jesus Christ..."
6. Eduard Le Roy, *Le Problème de Dieu* (Paris, 1930).
7. Karl Heim, *Christian Faith and Natural Science* (1953) and *The Transformation of the Scientific World View* (1953).
8. I include Marcuse as a theologian because he was designated as such earlier in this series. Actually, Marcuse would no doubt be amused by the appellation.
9. John 21:1-6.

## The New Dean

continued from page 9

ten women to receive a degree from that venerable institution.

Dr. Frank's teaching positions have included five years at Florida State and two at Hunter College in New York City. She has been at American University since 1968. Her teaching has covered a wide range of courses, both graduate and undergraduate, in international relations, American foreign policy, comparative politics, political history and political philosophy.

Also an editor and writer, Dr. Frank has just contributed a chapter to a volume on *Conflict*, edited by Kenneth Waltz for Winthrop Publishers. She is the author of *John F. Kennedy: A Political Biography* (1967) and was editor and contributor to *Lawmakers in a Changing World* (1966). She also serves on the editorial board of the *Journal of Politics* published by the Southern Political Science Association.



Deans Grafton and Frank

## Conferences, Teach-ins, Forums

continued from page 11

mission-oriented technology during their lifetime, I can understand their hostility toward what they see as unmitigated materialism. That is why the humanistic values involved in the attack against the desecration of the environment interest the young.

It will be difficult to awaken the national conscience to the sobering truth that our technology has come at a high price. After all, progress has been measured for thousands of years in terms of material well-being. Civilized man has been patting himself on the back for generations because he thought he had created his own environment, and could ignore nature. . . .

It is clear, however, that we must rethink our technological concepts. Traditionally, our primary consideration has been "will it work?" And when that is answered, we ask, "will this work better than what we now have?" The time has come when a new factor must be included in the decision-making process. We must determine whether something new fits in the total context of the environment.

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**Rep. Shirley Chisholm (D. N.Y.)  
on "The Ghetto" February 20:**

(Excerpts)

At the end of my discussion of "The Black Ghetto—Where Did It Come From?" there will still be only one way for me to summarize it.

The black ghetto is the end result and constant by-product of the racist attitudes and policies of white America. . . . In discussing the origins of the black ghetto I think that it is impossible to isolate any single factor that most contributed to its formation, even though we can identify the combination of all

of the factors involved as "white racism." . . .

White America today has a difficult task accepting the fact that Black Americans are intelligent enough to recognize injustice when they meet it face to face—are not stupid enough to require "outside" leadership—and have too much invested in America to fade off into some shadowy corner simply because American whites might find it convenient.

Few, if any of us here this evening enjoy exactly the same social status nor do we come from exactly the same sub-culture of our society. And, were we to tell the truth, few of us are satisfied with our lifestyles and our social positions.

Because our society is so concerned with the material aspects of living most of us find it very easy to go on living in our little insulated worlds without ever realizing that we, too, are trapped, too often willingly trapped, in a ghetto. A ghetto that has the same profound and damaging psychological and spiritual effects, that living in the black ghettos of America has on one.

I believe that the forces of change—the movement toward elimination of our social and psychological ghettos—the burst toward freedom to exhibit the classic human qualities; gentleness with each other's feelings, respect for each other's convictions, and thoughtful and constructive honesty with each other will not be led by many of the older people of the country. The people of the older generation have too much of a stake in, and too much of a desire for, the material things of life.

The leadership must come, as it will, from youth. The elders attempted to denude, to foul and contaminate their legacy beyond recall. I hope that our youth will be able to save it and themselves.

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